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Monstrous droll songs

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MONSTROUS DROLL SONGS.

SONGS SUNG AT VAUXHALL.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM.

O HOW happy is the man
Has health, and can command a ſhilling,
A friend, a ſweetheart, and a can,
A book, and houſe to dwell in!
With him the day is light and gay,
The night is never dreary,
With friend and laſs, with book and glaſs,
He's happy, ſnug, and cheery:
With him the day, &c.

O how happy is the man
Has health, and can command a ſhilling,
A friend, a ſweetheart, and a can,
A book, and houſe to dwell in!
He's never whining, or repining,
Frank to lend or borrow;
If poor, he's glad, but never ſad;
Still careleſs of to-morrow.

O how happy is the man
Has health, and can command a ſhilling,
A friend, a ſweetheart, and a can,
A book, and houſe to dwell in!
With little care, a gentle fair,
A mind to pleaſure willing,
How bleſs'd the man, who always can
Command the ſplendid ſhilling!

PAGINATION BEGINS

THE SAILOR's EPISTLE,

SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM.

DEAR Betſey, dear Betſey, this letter I ſend,
From our ſhip where ſhe lies at the Nore,
But quickly from hence ſhall her ſwelling ſails tend
To the realms of ſome far diſtant ſhore.
Conſign'd to the ſtorms of the turbulent ſeas,
To the fates which are borne on the flood,
But ſtill more deſtructive and fatal than theſe,
To the horrors of carnage and blood.
Yet think not that danger or fears can ſubdue,
The zeal of a Tar, to his King ever true.

To defend and preſerve, o'er the wide ſpreading main,
Our charters and liberties pure,
From the pow'rs and deſigns of France, Holland, and Spain,
And the bleſſings of peace to procure;
O! how glad would I fly to the port of your arms,
With ſuch bleſſings beſtow'd from above;
To change the dread thundering battle's alarms,
Into tender effuſions of love!
The force of thy beauty ſhould capture anew
The heart of a Tar, to his love ever true.

Then wiſely your tears for our parting forbear,
Your complaints and your murmuring drown;
But pray that your ſailor's good fortune may ſhare
In a Duncan's or Nelſon's renown:
And think that 'tis rather to ſave you we roam
From the pow'r of the inſolent foe;
That you might live peaceful and happy at home,
Is the cauſe that to battle we go;
But wherever I go, thy lov'd form ſhall renew
The zeal of a Tar, to his country ſtill true.

May the helm, deareſt girl, of fair prudence be thine,
To ſteer you in abſence from blame;
So ſhall love fill our ſails, and ſtrict honour combine
To lead me to vict'ry and fame.

That each bleſſing and comfort may reſt upon you,
Is, dear Betſey, the prayer of my heart;
But now for the preſent I bid you adieu,
For the ſignal is made to depart;
And think not that dangers or fears can ſubdue
The zeal of a Tar to his King ever true.

FAIR ANNA THAT DWELLS BY THE TYNE.

SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM.

HOW ſweet are the meadows in ſpring!
When flowret's ſhed round their perfume;
The linnets how ſweetly they ſing!
And the hedge-roſes ſweetly they bloom.
To deck the ſweet maiden I love,
Both roſes and lilies combine;
And no linnet's ſo ſweet in the grove,
As ANNA that dwells by the Tyne.

What cheers the dull wanderer's way,
When forc'd from his country to roam?
'Tis Hope leads a glimmering ray,
That Fancy directs to his home;
So I, when my labour is o'er,
In ſadneſs at eve oft recline:
Hope points to the maid I adore,
Fair ANNA that dwells by the Tyne.

Gay lordlings I'd envy them not,
If from tyrant love I was free,
Contentment would ſmile on my cot,
If ANNA would ſmile upon me;
With her I'd be free from dull care,
Without her I languiſh and pine;
'Tis hers to give joy or deſpair,
Fair ANNA that dwells by the Tyne.

DAMAGED PAGE(S)

NAN OF GLOSTER GREEN.

SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM.

SAY, will you leave your village cot,
And range the fields with me?
My mind to ſooth on yon fair ſpot,
Intent on nought but thee.
The op'ning ſpring that hails the year,
So like thy graceful mien,
My charming girl, to me ſo dear,
Is Nan of Gloſter Green.

Could I but gain your heart, my fair,
How gay the time would paſs!
Each day to tend my fleecy care
With you, my lovely laſs!
Come then, dear girl, to church with me;
Now ſmile conſent, my queen;
My ev'ry wiſh is form'd for thee,
Sweet Nan of Gloſter Green.

Her lily hand, and willing heart,
A bluſh o'erſpread her face:
Here take me, ſhepherd, let's depart,
And ſeek the hallow'd place,
Where love and friendſhip ſhall combine,
And union e'er be ſerene;
Now all aſſiſt our hands to join,
The joy of Gloſter Green.

BOUND PRENTICE TO A WATERMAN.

SUNG BY MR. WALLACK.

BOUND prentice to a waterman, I learn'd a bit to row;
But, bleſs your heart, I always was ſo gay,
That to treat a little water-nymph, that took my heart in tow,
I run'd myſelf a bit in debt, and then I run'd away.
Singing ri tol fol de ral yeo ho, &c.

'Board a man of war I enter'd next, and learn'd to
quaff good flip,
And far from home we ſcudded on ſo gay;
I ran my rigs; but lik'd ſo well my captain, crew,
and ſhip,
That, run what will, why damme if ever I run
away.
Singing ri tol, &c.

With Drake I've ſail'd the world around, and
learn'd a bit to fight;
But ſomehow I a priſoner was ta'en;
So, when the Spaniſh jailor to my dungeon ſhew'd
a light,
I blinded juſt his peepers, and then ran away
again.
Singing ri tol, &c.

I've ran a many riſks in life, on ocean and on ſhore,
But always, like a Briton, got the day;
And, fighting in Old England's cauſe, will run as
many more,
But, let me face ten thouſand foes, will never
run away.
Singing ri tol, &c.

INCOME TAX.

SUNG BY MR. DAVIS AT SADLER'S WELLS.

YE quidnuncs ſo queer, who thro' politics trudge it,
And mumble each cruſt of the miniſter's budget,
Among the various ways he has found out to link
'em,
Don't you think he did the job in the Tax upon
Income?
Lord how the great folks muſt come down with
the clinkum,
When the gemman he goes round for the Tax upon
Income!

'Twould be droll if this tax tythe in kind ſhould
be collected;
Then from lawyers, you know, juſtice could'nt be
expected;

DAMAGED PAGE(S)

The proctors their payments in teſtaments would make it;
The doctors pay in phyſic—but then who the deuce would take it?
I'll tell you who we'd give it to, ('twould ſave us all our clinkum,)
To the gemman who goes, &c.

Should the gemman aſk the barber's tythe, he'd lather him mayhap, Sir;
The cobler too, for tythe in kind, wou'd give his worſhip ſtrap, Sir;
The baker'd give him ſhort weight whene'er he choſe to call, Sir;
Except the baker was churchwarden, then he'd give him none at all, Sir;
For we know no more what churchwardens do with the clinkum
Than the gemman who, &c.

Our cits are worth ſo many plumbs, our nobles too including,
Their contribution, ſure would make a national plumb pudding,
Of which our foes to get a ſlice wou'd try, ne'er doubt the queſtion;
But they find our Britiſh dumplings too hard for their digeſtion;
And but for theſe, cook'd by our tars, we'd have but little clinkum,
For the gemman, &c.

May the incomes of the rich ne'er be tax'd by venality,
But the incomes of the poor enlarg'd by their liberality;
May the tax of war's terrible outgoings ceaſe, Sir,
And Britons be bleſt by the IN COME of peace, Sir;
Till then may our tars make our foes find the clinkum
For the gemman, &c.

SONGS IN "WHAT A BLUNDER!"

SUNG BY MR. JOHNSTONE.

OH! what a great flutter is here in my heart,
And a queer ſort of feel runs through every part,
With a heigho! dear me! well-a-day!
I ſo ſhiver, that ſurely an ague I've got,
But 'tis ſometimes a cold one, and ſometimes a hot;
With a heigho! &c.

My nerves all ſo friſkily caper and prance;
They're certainly learning St. Vitus's dance:
With a heigho! &c.
With labour I force up each tremulous note,
For the words I would utter they ſtick in my throat:
With a heigho! &c.

As ſure as I live, I'm in danger of death,
For no ſign ſo ſure as a ſtoppage of breath:
With a heigho! &c.
My pulſe comes and goes too, ſo ſtrangely, good lack!
I fear it will go, and will never come back:
With a heigho! &c.

But when I my charmer ſhall ſee,
Quickly will vaniſh all ſorrow and pain;
Oh! let her bright eyes beam on me,
Then pleaſure will tingle in every vein.

And once let me call her my own,
Rapture will crown me by day and by night;
Joy then will ſo mighty be grown,
Oh! I ſhall die with delight!

SUNG BY MRS. MOUNTAIN IN THE SAME.

THE hope which animates my heart,
And makes me ev'ry fear diſmiſs—
Deceitful joy can ne'er impart;
No, 'tis the harbinger of bliſs.

So, when at eve, in tints of gold
The radiant clouds adorn the ſkies,
Thus they prepare us to behold
The morrow's ſun in ſplendor riſe.

Yes, I'll indulge the dear belief,
That happy morrows are in ſtore,
And truſt that voice which tells me, grief
Shall never haunt my boſom more.

The hope which animates, &c.

SUNG BY MISS DE CAMP IN THE SAME.

PENT within this cavern drear,
Captive of a ruffian crew;
Startled at each ſound I hear,
Shudd'ring at each face I view,
In dread I paſs the gloomy day,
And weep the ſleepleſs night away.

Ere I mourn'd a fate ſo dire,
Sorrow was an inmate here;
Still her beams of heavenly fire,
Hope diſplay'd my breaſt to cheer.
The gladd'ning ray ſhe now denies,
For dimm'd is Hope when Freedom dies.

SUNG BY MR. FAWCETT IN THE SAME.

OH! what a moſt horrid ſenſation
I feel at this terrible minute!
A curſe on this flame-loving nation,
That I ſhould be ever caught in it.

The bent of the mind
From its pleaſures we find;
And what is a Spaniard's delight?
Why his great holiday
Is an auto da fé,
And its bonfires the joy of his ſight.

MONOPOLY.

SUNG BY MR. DAVIS AT SADLER'S WELLS.

MONOPOLY's now the grand rub,
And from it leſs harm would enſue,
If thoſe who monopolize grub,
Would monopolize appetites too.
And monopoly's like to increaſe,
For our *very* good friends we know where,
Have among 'em monopoliz'd peace,
And left us to fight for our ſhare.
Tol lol de rol, &c.

The Turks they monopolize wives;
And by ſome wicked folks 'tis ſaid,
That's the reaſon why Turks all their lives
Wears each a half moon on his head;
And we know, tho' each married man here
Finds *one* wife enough for his ſhare,
And beef's ſo confoundedly dear,
There's cattle enough at Horn-fair.

Yet candour might ſurely excuſe
Of monopoliſts ſome ſorry elves;
For doctors would be of great uſe,
If they'd take all their phyſic themſelves.
Of lawyers, why much one can't ſay;
Their practice I would not condemn;
But ſome people think, by the way,
Old Nick will monopolize them.

Monopoly thrives every way,
The aſſertion will ſtand by the teſt,
For *truth* always carries the day,
And we all know the *naked truth's* beſt.
That's the reaſon our ladies, forſooth,
Captivate both the baſhful and bluff;
For they're ſurely the ſemblance of *truth*;
And, ecod, they go naked enough.

May the rich eaſe the poor of their cares,
'Twould the ſweeteſt monopoly bring;
They'd gain all their hearts and their pray'rs,
Like his honour, our father, the King!
May Britons each other befriend;
For unity's England's beſt hope;
And may every monopoliſt's end
Be join'd to the end of a rope!

DICKY THE ROVER.

SUNG BY MR. JOHANNOT AT ASTLEY'S.

A BARBER I am, and I dreſs for the crown,
With my frizzle deedle dum, and my frizzle deedle dee;
Tho' you ſee by my dreſſing I'm juſt tumbled down,
Tweedle deedle dum, tweedle deedle dee;
Tho' my living I get, Sirs, by frizzing the nob,
You ſee that at times, Sirs, I get an odd job,
With my tweedle deedle dum, and tweedle deedle dee.
Oh, poor Dicky, poor Dicky the Rover!
Oh, poor Dicky, &c.
Was ever poor barber ſo neatly done over?
Oh! oh! oh! over, ſo neatly done over?

Ye barbers and clerks who are given to roam,
With my frizzle, &c.
Take care how you venture too far from your home,
Tweedle deedle dum, &c.
Or elſe you may meet with a new-faſhion'd dreſſing,
And, inſtead of a job, get a damnable dreſſing,
With my tweedle dum, &c.

THE GRINDERS.

SUNG BY MR. JOHANNOT AT ASTLEY'S.

SEARCH the world round and about,
Many a freak you'll be finding,
But what d'ye think's all the go?
By the Lord, it is nothing but grinding,
Terry heigh ho, heigh ho,
Scandal, the devil can't bind her;
The world is all How come you so?
And every profeſſion's turn'd grinder.

The ſtateſmen, devouring elves;
And lawyers are terrible giants;
They grind all the corn for themſelves,
And leave all the chaff for their clients.
Terry heigh ho, &c.

The doctors grind you for their fees;
They kill you for mere preſervation;
For they know, if you live to get well,
They muſt die ſure enough of ſtarvation,
Terry heigh ho, &c.

The miſers grind north, eaſt, weſt, and ſouth;
The barber at grinding's a crammer;
The churchwarden's got a wide mouth,
And his grinders are like a ſledge hammer,
Terry heigh ho, &c.

The gameſter he grinds by the card;
Sure's he's the devil's own couſin;
The taylor he grinds by the yard;
And the baker he grinds by the dozen,
Terry heigh ho, &c.

Thus like coblers, to make both ends meet,
At grinding each ſticks to his tether,
'Till old Nick, who all grinders can beat,
Shall grind the whole boiling together.
Terry heigh ho, &c.

Good whiſkey is ground from fat corn ;
The Cambrian and Scot well can ſtow it.
Britain's grinders' are her ſound wooden walls;
And her enemies very well know it.
Terry heigh ho, &c.

Shou'd the French fleet, Sirs, venture from Breſt,
Let your favours be ever ſo binding,
May the devil grind me with the reſt,
If I don't help to ſettle their grinding.
Terry heigh ho, &c.

BLUE BELLS OF TOTHILL-FIELDS.

SUNG BY MR. JOHANNOT AT ASTLEY'S.

OH where, and oh where does your own true lover ſtray?
He's gone upon his travels, for he's gone to Botany Bay:
And 'tis, Oh, my poor heart! they have torn my love away.

Ah where, and ah where does your own true lover dwell?
He dwells in Tothill-fields, at the ſign of the Blue Bell:
And 'tis, Oh in my heart that I love my laddie well.

Oh what clothes, and what clothes did your own true lover wear?
He's cloath'd in woollen yarn, and they've ſhav'd off all his hair:
And 'tis, Oh in my heart that I love him to deſpair.

Wou'd you grieve, wou'd you grieve, ſhould your own true lover die?
I'd grieve myſelf to death, and then ſit me down and cry:
And 'tis, Oh in my heart that I wiſh you all good bye.

THE MAN FOR THE LADIES.

SUNG BY MR. JOHANNOT AT ASTLEY'S.

OH dear, ladies I've plenty, Sir,
Dear, dear, from fifteen to twenty, Sir,
Oh dear, ladies I've plenty, Sir,
I am the lad for the fair.
I've a beautiful nymph, with a noſe rather hook'd, Sir,
A tongue like a bell, and her back rather crook'd, Sir;
A little awry, but a pretty form'd creature,
Tho' juſt turn'd of forty, I ſwear.
Oh dear, ladies, &c.

Oh dear, then I've another, Sir,
Dear, dear, the child of her mother, Sir,
Tho' blind of one eye, ſhe can ſee with the t'other, Sir;
Ne'er was her like, I declare.
Oh, then, who can match her for romping and ſpinning?
Make a bed, ſcrub the ſtairs, and get up your fine linen?
Turn her hand unto all work, and make a plum pudding,
And came from the devil knows where.

Oh dear, then I've a maiden, Sir,
Dear, dear, a delicate maiden, Sir,
Oh dear, ne'er was a maiden, Sir,
Half ſo engaging and fair.
Her cheeks, white and red, ſhame the lily and roſe, Sir;
And her bright ſparkling eyes are as black as two ſloes, Sir;
Whilſt her ſweet coral lips ever cry, Come and kiſs me,
And tie up my bonny brown hair.

POOR LITTLE ADELINE.

SUNG BY MRS. ROFFEY AT THE ROYAL CIRCUS.

DOROTHEA was handſome, her teeth white as ſnow;
In her cheeks did the roſe and the lily combine;
Her lips crimſon coral; eyes black as a ſloe;
And her lovers and looking-glaſs call'd her divine.
But never content, with two ſweethearts coquetting,
With one and the other a long time ſhe play'd,
'Till ſomehow deſerted, ſhe took to hard fretting,
And poor little Dorothy dy'd an old maid.
Poor little Dorothy, &c.

Margaretta, the prude, like a maypole was tall;
As majeſtic a charmer as eyes ever ſaw!
From rudeneſs her looks would her lovers appal,
And ſo ſtately ſhe ſtalk'd, ſhe the men kept in awe!
Two ſwains ſhe tormented, till ſomehow, unthinking,
Like puſſey too long with the nibblers ſhe play'd;
And deſerted, I don't know how, took to hard drinking,
So tall Margaretta too dy'd an old maid.

[illegible]rilla, the witty; Prudentia, the grave;
And half a ſcore more ſallow virgins they call,
Who could ne'er be contented with one loving ſlave,
'Till, alack! they were doom'd to have no ſlave at all!
I too have been wrong; but to mend will begin, tho':
The firſt match that offers, fate's will be obey'd;
For I'm ſure it would be both a ſhame and a ſin, to
Let poor little Adeline die an old maid.

FORGET ME NOT.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

FORGET me not, when friends and fortune ſmiling,
'Mid ſweets and flow'rs thy careleſs footſteps ſtray;
When lover's looks and tender words beguiling,
Wou'd ſteal thy thoughts from him who wanders far away!
If e'er thy changeful heart o'er plighted vows prevailing,
Thou hear'ſt a wretched ſoul deep in thy breaſt bewailing,
O think 'tis mine, my love, and dark deſpair my lot;
Forget me not!

When care and pain, with phantoms dread ſurrounding,
Apal thy trembling mind, forlorn, oppreſt,
An inward voice, in tender whiſpers ſounding,
Shall ſooth thy boding fears, and fortify thy breaſt;
And round thy weary couch a gentle ſpirit flying,
Shall breathe theſe cheering notes, in hollow murmurs ſighing,
"Faint not, dear maid, but think thy lover ſhares thy lot."
Forget me not!

When from her clay built neſt my ſoul departing,
Prepares a bliſsful flight to realms on high,
O ſhould I ſee one tear of anguiſh ſtarting,
To catch the falling drops, I'll leave my native ſky;
Then round thy lovely form a watch inceſſant keeping,
And ev'ry ſigh of love in thrilling tranſports ſteeping,
I'll watch thy conſtant ſoul to ſhare in heav'n my lot.
Forget me not!

THE HISTORY OF THREE-FINGER'D JACK;

BY DR. MOSELEY.

OBI.

THE ſcience of Obi is very extenſive. This Obi, or, as it is pronounced in the Engliſh Weſt Indies, *Obcah*, has its origin, like many cuſtoms among the Africans, from the ancient Ægyptians' Obi, for the purpoſe of bewitching people, or conſuming them by lingering illneſs, and is made of grave dirt, hair, teeth of ſharks, and other animals; blood, feathers, egg-ſhells, images in wax, the hearts of birds, liver of mice, and ſome potent roots, weeds, and buſhes, of which Europeans are at this time ignorant; but which were known for the ſame purpoſe to the ancients.

Certain mixtures of theſe ingredients are burnt, or buried very deep in the ground, or hung up a chimney; or laid under the threſhold of the door of the party to ſuffer; with incantations, ſongs, or curſes, performed at midnight, regarding the aſpects of the moon.

A Negro, who thinks himſelf bewitched by Obi, will apply to an *Obi man* or *Obi woman* for cure. The moſt wrinkled and moſt deformed Obian magicians are the moſt venerated. Some of theſe abandoned exiles live, in ſpite of the common law of Nature, and ſurvive a general mutation of their muſcles, ligaments, and oſteology; becoming alſo hideouſly white in their woolly hair and ſkin.

In their baniſhment, their huts often become the receptacles of robbers and fugitive negroes. Thus theſe ugly, loathſome creatures are oracles of woods, caves, and unfrequented places, and are reſorted to ſecretly by the wretched in mind, and by the malicious for wicked purpoſes.

Laws have been made in the Weſt Indies to puniſh this *Obian* practice with death; but they have

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had no effect. Laws conſtructed in the Weſt Indies, can never ſuppreſs the effect of ideas, the origin of which is in the centre of Africa.

I ſaw the OBI of the famous Negro robber *Three-fingered-Jack*; as much the terror of Jamaica, in 1780, as ever ROBIN HOOD, or TURPIN were to part of the inhabitants of this country. His Obi conſiſted of the end of a goat's horn, filled with a compound of grave dirt, aſhes, the blood of a black cat, and human fat; all mixed into a kind of paſte. A black cat's foot, a dried toad, a pig's tail, a ſlip of parchment of kid's ſkin, with characters marked in blood on it, were alſo in his obian bag. Theſe, with a keen ſabre, and two guns, like Robinſon Cruſoe, were all his Obi; with which, and his courage in deſcending into the plains, and plundering to ſupply his wants, and his ſkill in retreating into difficult faſtneſſes, commanding the only acceſs to them, where none dared to follow him, he terrified the inhabitants, and ſet the civil power, and the neighbouring militia of that iſland, at defiance for two years.

He had neither accomplices, nor aſſociate. There were a few runaway negroes in the woods near Mount Libanus, the place of his retreat; but he had croſſed their foreheads with ſome of the magic in his horn, and they could not betray him. But he truſted no one. He ſcorned aſſiſtance. He aſcended above Spartacus. He robbed alone; fought all his battles alone; and always killed his purſuers.

By his magic, he was not only the dread of the negroes, but there were many white people who believed he was poſſeſſed of ſome ſupernatural power. In hot climates, females marry very young; and often with great diſparity of age. Here Jack was the author of many troubles: for ſeveral matches proved unhappy. 'Give a dog an ill-name, and hang him.' Clamours roſe on clamours againſt the cruel ſorcerer; and every conjugal miſhap was laid at the door of Jack's ſpell on the wedding day. God knows, poor Jack had ſins enough of his own to carry, without loading him with the

THE HISTORY OF THREE-FINGER'D JACK;

BY DR. MOSELEY.

OBI.

THE ſcience of Obi is very extenſive. This Obi, or, as it is pronounced in the Engliſh Weſt Indies, *Obcah*, has its origin, like many cuſtoms among the Africans, from the ancient Ægyptians' Obi, for the purpoſe of bewitching people, or conſuming them by lingering illneſs, and is made of grave dirt, hair, teeth of ſharks, and other animals; blood, feathers, egg-ſhells, images in wax, the hearts of birds, liver of mice, and ſome potent roots, weeds, and buſhes, of which Europeans are at this time ignorant; but which were known for the ſame purpoſe to the ancients.

Certain mixtures of theſe ingredients are burnt, or buried very deep in the ground, or hung up a chimney; or laid under the threſhold of the door of the party to ſuffer; with incantations, ſongs, or curſes, performed at midnight, regarding the aſpects of the moon.

A Negro, who thinks himſelf bewitched by Obi, will apply to an *Obi man* or *Obi woman* for cure. The moſt wrinkled and moſt deformed Obian magicians are the moſt venerated. Some of theſe abandoned exiles live, in ſpite of the common law of Nature, and ſurvive a general mutation of their muſcles, ligaments, and oſteology; becoming alſo hideouſly white in their woolly hair and ſkin.

In their baniſhment, their huts often become the receptacles of robbers and fugitive negroes. Thus theſe ugly, loathſome creatures are oracles of woods, caves, and unfrequented places, and are reſorted to ſecretly by the wretched in mind, and by the malicious for wicked purpoſes.

Laws have been made in the Weſt Indies to puniſh this *Obian* practice with death; but they have

had no effect. Laws conſtructed in the Weſt Indies, can never ſuppreſs the effect of ideas, the origin of which is in the centre of Africa.

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ſins of others. He would ſooner have made a *medean* cauldron for the whole iſland, than diſturb one lady's happineſs. He had many opportunities; and, though he had a mortal hatred to white men, he was never known to hurt a child, or abuſe a woman. But even Jack himſelf was born to die. Allured by the rewards offered by governor Dalling, in a proclamation, dated the 12th of December, 1780, and by a reſolution which followed it, of the houſe of aſſembly, two negroes, named Quaſher and Sam, (Sam was Captain Davy's ſon, he who ſhot a Mr. Thompſon, the maſter of a London ſhip, at Old Harbour,) both of Scots Hall, Maroon Town, with a party of their townſmen, went in ſearch of him.

Quaſher, before he ſet out on the expedition, got himſelf chriſtened, and changed his name to James Reeder. The expedition commenced; and the whole party had been creeping about in the woods for three weeks, and blockading, as it were, the deepeſt receſſes of the moſt inacceſſible part of the iſland, where Jack, far remote from all human ſociety, reſided, but in vain.

Reeder and Sam, tired with this mode of war, reſolved on proceeding in ſearch of his retreat; and taking him by ſtorming it, or periſhing in the attempt. They took with them a little boy, a proper ſpirit, and a good ſhot, and left the reſt of the party. Theſe three, whom I well knew, had not been long ſeparated, before their cunning eyes diſcovered, by impreſſions among the woods and buſhes, that ſome perſon muſt have lately been that way. They ſoftly followed theſe impreſſions, making not the leaſt noiſe. Preſently they diſcovered a ſmoke.

They prepared for war. They came upon Jack before he perceived them. He was roaſting *plaintains*, by a little fire on the ground, at the mouth of a cave. This was a ſcene—not where ordinary actors had a common part to play.

Jack's looks were fierce and terrible. He told them he would kill them. Reeder, inſtead of

ſhooting Jack, replied, that his Obi had no power to hurt him; for he was chriſtened; and that his name was no longer Quaſher. Jack knew Reeder; and, as if paralyzed, he let his two guns remain on the ground, and took up only his cutlaſs.

Theſe two had a deſperate engagement ſeveral years before, in the woods; in which conflict Jack loſt the two fingers, which was the origin of his preſent name; but Jack then beat Reeder, and almoſt killed him, with ſeveral others who aſſiſted him, and they fled from Jack.

To do *three-fingered Jack* juſtice, he would now have killed both Reeder and Sam; for, at firſt, they were frightened at the ſight of him, and the dreadful tone of his voice; and well they might; they had beſide no retreat, and were to grapple with the braveſt and ſtrongeſt man in the world. But Jack was cowed; for he had propheſied that *white Obi* would get the better of him; and from experience he knew the charm would loſe none of its ſtrength in the hands of Reeder.

Without farther parley, Jack, with his cutlaſs in his hand, threw himſelf down a precipice at the back of the cave. Reeder's gun miſſed fire. Sam ſhot him in the ſhoulder. Reeder, like an Engliſh bull-dog, never looked, but, with his cutlaſs in his hand, plunged headlong down after Jack. The deſcent was about thirty yards, and almoſt perpendicular. Both of them had preſerved their cutlaſſes in the fall. Here was the ſtage, on which two of the ſtouteſt hearts, that were ever hooped with ribs, began their bloody ſtruggle. The little boy, who was ordered to keep back, out of harm's way, now reached the top of the precipice, and, during the fight, ſhot Jack in the belly.

Sam was crafty, and coolly took a round-about way to get to the field of action. When he arrived at the ſpot where it began, Jack and Reeder had cloſed, and tumbled together down another precipice, on the ſide of the mountain, in which fall they both loſt their weapons. Sam deſcended after them, who alſo loſt his cutlaſs, among the trees and

bushes in getting down. When he came up to them, though without weapons, they were not idle; and, luckily for Reeder, Jack's wounds were deep and desperate, and he was in great agony.

Sam came up just time enough to save Reeder: for Jack had caught him by the throat, with his giant's grasp. Reeder then was with his right-hand almost cut off, and Jack streaming with blood from his shoulder and belly: both covered with gore and gashes.

In this state Sam was umpire; and decided the fate of the battle. He knocked Jack down with a piece of a rock. When the lion fell, the two tigers got upon him, and beat his brains out with stones. The little boy soon after found his way to them. He had a cutlass, with which they cut off Jack's head, and three-finger'd hand, and took them in triumph to Morant Bay. There they put their trophies into a pail of rum; and, followed by a vast concourse of negroes, now no longer afraid of Jack's Obi, they carried them to Kingston, and Spanish town; and claimed the reward of the king's proclamation, and the house of assembly.

SUNG BY MR. GRIMALDI AT SADLER'S WELLS.

WHEN old fellows for nurses get hold of young wives,
'Tis like sending for doctors to lengthen your lives,
Or lawyers to settle disputes:
The lawyers and doctors will drain your purse dry,
But for justice—oh dear!—that's all my eye,
And young wives makes us old fellows brute[illegible]

When a child I cut teeth, a confounded pain;
When a youth, I cut capers, got many a [illegible]
As I got on in years, cut my corns:
But faith there's no cutting that's equal to [illegible]
As we marry'd Benedicts know very well,
To cutting your damnable horns.

I've had many a *hug* at the sign of the *Bear*;
In the *Sun* courted morning and noon;
And when night put an end to my happiness there,
I'd a sweet little girl in the *Moon*.

To sweethearts and ale I at length bid adieu,
Of wedlock to set up the sign:
Hand in Hand the *good woman* I look for in you,
And the *Horns* I hope ne'er will be mine.
Once guard to the mail, I'm now guard to the fair;
But tho' my commission's laid down,
Yet while the *King's Arms* I'm permitted to bear,
Like a *Lion* I'll fight for the *Crown*.

SUNG BY MR. TOWNSHEND.

VIEW yon mountain's hoary head;
Mark the clouds that bind his brow;
View yon tombs of Bardic dead,
Men whose *minds* are living now.

Owen once, of vice the slave,
Ne'er could raise his look so high
As yonder steep; each hallow'd grave
Alike wou'd shun the guilty eye.

Nature, honest, undisguis'd,
Gives to Cambria ev'ry grace:
Justly be the lesson priz'd
By each true son of Cambria's race.

SUNG BY MR. INCLEDON.

LET fools follow pleasures,
Too certain to cloy;
Let misers hoard treasures
They dare not enjoy;
The earth owns no blessing,
Your William can prove,
So sweet as possessing
Dear Ellen and love.

IRREGULAR PAGINATION

Let the world, ever changing,
With falſehood abound;
Still fix'd, never ranging,
Shall William be found;
With thee, what deſire
Can tempt him to rove?
What bliſs can reach higher
Than Ellen and Love.

SUNG BY MR. SIMMONS.

THROUGHOUT the town, no girl you'll meet
So exquiſitely fair;
For ſhe's genteel as Bentick-ſtreet,
And bright as Berkeley-ſquare.
The various charms of Jenny's face
Are rich as Ludgate-hill;
And beautiful as Portland-place
Is Jane of Pentonville.

Brilliant as Bond-ſtreet are her eyes,
Where Cupids make abode:
Her voice is ſweet as London cries,
And fine as Oxford-Road;
Plump as St. Paul's her blooming cheek;
Her breath like Saffron-hill.
A ſweeter laſs in vain you'll ſeek
Than Jane of Pentonville.

SUNG BY MR. MUNDEN.

FOR London is like to a mill going round,
Still noiſy, and ever in motion;
Where wheels within wheels, hurry, buſtle and ſound,
Revolve like the waves of the ocean;
Where fooliſh and wiſe, rich and poor, herd together;
Where fortunes are made, and men undone;
Where money and wit are exchang'd for each other:
And this is a picture of London.

Kings, Poets, and Stateſmen, Queens, Counſellors, Clients,
In Weſtminſter Abbey lie ſnugly;
There's St Paul's and Guildhall, where you'd like the two giants,
If they were not ſo monſtrous ugly.
Then there's grand courts of law, and of equity too,
If in either you chuſe to be undone;
For one with the other has nothing to do
In the very fine city of London.

There's the Parliament-houſe, and the Tower ſo ſtrong;
The Monument reckon'd ſo high too,
That if it were only as broad as it's long,
Such a building you'd never come nigh to.
There's great folks, and ſmall folks, and ſhow folks, and tall folks;
In ſhort, there's a vaſt deal of fun done;
There's pleaſure and pain, quite ſufficient for all folks
Who viſit the city of London.

SUNG BY MR. MUNDEN IN PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

WHEN the moon ſhines o'er the deep,
Ackee-O—Ackee-O—
And whiſker'd Dons are faſt aſleep,
Snoring, faſt aſleep,
From their huts the negroes run,
Full of frolic, full of fun,
Holiday to keep.
'Till morn they dance the merry round,
To the fife and cymbal.
See, ſo briſk,
How they friſk,
Airy, gay, and nimble!
With geſtures antic,
Joyous, frantic,
They dance the merry round,
Ackee-O—Ackee-O
To the cymbal's ſound.

Black lad whiſpers to black laſs,
Ackee-O—Ackee-O—
Glances fly between them paſs,
Of beating hearts to tell.
Tho' no bluſh can paint her cheek,
Still her eyes the language ſpeak
Of paſſion quite as well.

'Till morn, &c.

SUNG BY MRS. ATKINS IN THE SAME.

GLORIOUS the ray glancing over the ocean,
That bids hill and valley diſplay each gay hue;
Graceful the orange-grove waves in ſlow motion,
With joy as it hails the freſh morning in view.

Yet vainly her beauties ſhall nature impart,
But for Love's cheering ſunſhine, that reigns in the heart.
All is delight, if kind Love lend his aid;
And all is deſpair, if fond hopes are betray'd.

Sweet is the breeze that awakens the morning,
Or murmurs at eve with the nightingale's ſong;
Bright is moon-beam, the ſtreamlet adorning,
While o'er the ſmooth pebbles it wanders along.

Yet vainly her beauties, &c.

SUNG BY MR. TOWNSEND IN THE SAME.

OUR country is our ſhip, d'ye ſee,
A gallant veſſel too;
And of his fortune proud is he
Who's of the Albion's crew.
Each man, whate'er his ſtation be,
When Duty's call commands,
Should take his ſtand,
And lend a hand,
As the Common Cauſe demands.

Among ourſelves, in peace, 'tis true,
We quarrel—make a rout;
And having nothing elſe to do,
We fairly ſcold it out.
But once the enemy in view,
Shake hands—we ſoon are friends;
On the deck,
'Till a wreck,
Each the Common Cauſe defends.

SUNG BY MR. INCLEDON IN THE SAME.

A BLESSING unknown to ambition and pride,
That fortune can never abate;
To wealth and to ſplendor tho' often deny'd,
Yet on poverty deigns to await.

That bleſſing, ye powers, ſtill be it my lot,
The choiceſt beſt gift from above;
Deep fix'd in my heart, ſhall be never forgot,
That the wealth of the cottage is love.

Whate'er my condition, why ſhould I repine?
By poverty never diſtreſs'd;
Exulting I felt what a treaſure was mine;
A treaſure enſhrin'd in my breaſt.

That bleſſing, &c.

SUNG BY MRS. JORDAN IN INDISCRETION.

I RISE with the morn, I gaze on the ſun,
Aurora's bright luſtre I ſee;
But I ſigh with regret when day-light is gone,
For night brings no comfort to me.

I wander alone where the nightingales ſing,
I traverſe the ſands of the ſea:
They hear not my ſighs, ſo no comfort they bring
For what can bring comfort to me?

SUNG BY MRS MOUNTAIN IN THREE FINGER'D JACK.

MY cruel love to danger go,
No think of pain he give to me;
Too ſoon me fear like grief to know,
As broke the heart of Ulalee.
Poor Negro Woman, Ulalee!

Poor ſoul! to ſee her hang her head
All day beneath the cypreſs tree;
And ſtill ſhe ſing, "My love be dead"—
The huſband of poor Ulalee.
Poor Negro Woman, Ulalee!

My love be kill'd! How ſweet he ſmil'd!
His ſmile again me never ſee;
Unleſs me ſee it in the child
That he have left poor Ulalee.
Poor Negro Woman, Ulalee!

"My baby to my breaſt I fold,
"But little warmth, poor boy! have he;
"His father's death make all ſo cold
"About the heart of Ulalee.
"Poor Negro Woman, Ulalee!"

SUNG BY MISS DE CAMP IN THE SAME.

A LADY, in fair Seville city,
Who once fell in love very deep,
On her Spaniſh guittar play'd a ditty,
That lull'd her old guardian to ſleep.
With a hoo tira, lira, &c.

Her guardian not given to dozing,
Was thought the moſt watchful of men;
But each verſe had ſo ſleepy a cloſing,
That he nodded, but ſoon woke again.
With a hoo tira, &c.

She touch'd the guittar ſomewhat ſlower;
Again he look'd drowſy and wiſe;
And then ſhe play'd ſofter and lower,
Till gently ſhe ſeal'd up his eyes.
With a hoo tira, &c.

NATURE AND NANCY. BY MR. DIBDIN.

LET ſwabs with their vows, their palaver and lies,
Sly flatt'ry's ſilk ſails ſtill be trimming,
Swear their Polls be all angels dropt down from the ſkies!
I your angels don't like—I loves women;
And I loves a warm heart, and a ſweet honeſt mind,
Good as truth, and as lively as fancy,
As conſtant as honour, as tenderneſs kind:
In ſhort, I loves Nature and Nancy.
As conſtant as honour, as tenderneſs kind:
In ſhort, I loves Nature and Nancy.

I read in a ſong about Venus, I thinks,
All rigg'd out with her Cupids and Graces;
And how roſes and lilies, carnations and pinks,
Was made paint to daub over their faces.
They that loves it may take all ſuch art for their pains;
For mine, 'tis another gueſs fancy;
Give me the rich health, fleſh and blood, and blue veins,
That pays the ſweet face of my Nancy.

Why, I went to the play, where they talk'd well at leaſt,
As to act all their parts they were trying;
They were playing at ſoldiers, and playing at feaſt,
And ſome they were playing at dying.
Let 'em hang, drown, or ſtarve, or take poiſon, d'ye ſee,
All juſt for their gig and their fancy:
What to them was but jeſt, was right earneſt to me;
For I live and I die for my Nancy.

Let the girls then, like ſo many Algerine Turks,
Daſh away a fine gay painted galley,
With their jacks and their pennants, and ginger-
bread works,
All for ſhow, and juſt nothing for val'e;
Falſe colours throw out, deck'd by labour and art,
To take of pert coxcombs the fancy;
They are all for the perſon, I'm all for the heart;
In ſhort, I'm for Nature and Nancy.

THE LAST SHILLING. BY MR. DIBDIN.

AS penſive one night in my garret I ſate,
My laſt ſhilling produc'd on the table;
That adventure, cried I, might hiſtory relate,
If to think, or to ſpeak, it were able, it were able;
Whether fancy or magic 'twas play'd me the freak,
The face ſeem'd with life to be filling;
And cry'd, inſtantly ſpeaking, or ſeeming to ſpeak,
Pay attention to me, thy laſt ſhilling,
Thy laſt ſhilling, &c.

I was once the laſt coin of the law a ſad limb,
Who in cheating was ne'er known to falter,
Till at length brought to juſtice, the law cheated
him,
And he paid me to buy him a halter.
A Jack tar, all his rhino, put me at an end,
With pleaſure ſo hearty and willing;
Tho' hungry himſelf, to a poor diſtreſt friend,
Wiſh'd it hundreds—and gave his laſt ſhilling.

'Twas the wife of his meſsmate, whoſe gliſtening eye
With pleaſure ran o'er as ſhe view'd me.
She chang'd me for bread, as her child ſhe heard cry,
And at parting with tears ſhe bedew'd me:
But I've other ſcenes known, riot leading the way,
Pale want their poor families chilling,
Where rakes, in their revels, the piper to pay,
Have ſpurn'd me, their beſt friend, & laſt ſhilling.